

A Man was ploughing peacefully—but Murder was afoot



A Report on your wedding—L/Stoker HARRY BOSTON

By Ronald Richards

IT was a cold October afternoon, and the warmth was purely spiritual in St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, London, as a man and woman pledged in solemn oath to take each other as man and wife.

The man was Harry Boston; the woman, Edith Margaret Cliff.

The bride was denied the white wedding about which she had always dreamed; her golden curls were off her collar and tucked under a khaki cap. The bridegroom, too, was dressed in accordance with the fashion of the year; he wore the uniform of a rating of the Royal Navy. He was a Leading Stoker in His Majesty's Submarines; she a Private in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

There were a score of people in the church—their parents and friends from their respective homes, Brixton and Manchester.

A couple of officiates of the following wedding, anxious to learn the procedure, the clergy, and the bridegroom's "oppo," Leading Telegraphist Alan Ashwell.

The congregation sang two hymns, and they prayed, and the man and woman received blessings, and became man and wife. They clasped each other's arm as they started the seemingly endless walk to the vestry, and when they faced the photographers on the steps they were self-conscious and they blushed.

The two mothers, each alternating tears with gladness, were equally proud as their children faced the world smiling that sunless afternoon. They consoled each other with the thought that each was gaining a child rather than losing one.

Alan Ashwell had other thoughts; he was eager for his pal to get home to open the deluge of telegrams. From their shipmates were a dozen or more wires that, if nothing else, would provoke laughs.

Yes, it was a war-time wedding. The two principals met when the bride was walking

out after duties one evening.

The bridegroom's boat was at that time being built. It was a surprise to their parents when they announced the marriage. Perhaps they wondered if it were wise in war-time.

The answer was on the faces of the bride and groom at the wedding—it would take more than a war to stop their marriage.

They were ready for anything. It was their war, and when they got through with that they would be ready for anything else fate would care to send along.



ODD QUOTES

Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly, We learn so little and forget so much.

Sir John Davies (1569-1626).

What is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather!

Charles Dickens's "The Old Curiosity Shop."

A MAN was ploughing along the top of a hill. If he had driven his furrow into the valley he would have seen a murder.

A farmer, walking along a lane, passed two men beside a hedge. If he had been ten minutes later he would have seen the same murder.

A jurymen at the trial was not convinced by the evidence. If he had agreed with the other eleven, two men would have hanged.

ONE of the pleas of the opponents of capital punishment is that an innocent person might suffer. If one argued that the law of capital punishment is not capital enough, one would be equally logical, as I propose to show.

They have the files of the case at Durham. Dr. Robert Stirling was done to death in Smailes Lane, near Burnopfield, and a mystery was made of what should never have been a mystery.

Young Stirling came from Glasgow, fresh with his medical degree, to act as assistant to Dr. Watson, of Burnopfield, County Durham, in the year 1855. We were then at war with Russia, and Stirling was filling in time, expecting his call to serve as a surgeon.

GOING HIS ROUNDS.

One afternoon in November he started out to visit a patient at The Spenn, three miles away. He took with him a case of lancets which he used for vaccination purposes. He wore a black suit, black hat, had a silver watch with a guard of black silk braid, carried a light stick in his hand, and gloves.

In Smailes Lane he passed a farmer, Ralph Stobart, and they exchanged greetings. Stobart was not a local man. He lived in Cumberland, and was returning to the railway station after a visit to his sister.

And that was the last that was seen of Dr. Stirling alive.

A ploughman near the top of a hilly field heard a shot, but could not see who fired it beyond the hedge.

When Stirling did not return that day, Dr. Watson, wondering whether he had received a sudden call to join the Army and had gone without leaving information, wrote to Stirling's father. No doubt Dr. Watson thought Stirling might have notified him somehow.

The result was that Stirling's father came down from Glasgow, and, with another assistant to Dr. Watson, walked along the road his son had taken.

At a spot where the lane banked down to the River Derwent he saw something lying in the thick undergrowth. It was the dead body of his son, face downwards.

The dead man's clothes were torn. His face covered with blood and bruises, his throat cut, and there was a frightful gunshot wound in his abdomen. His pockets had been turned inside-out, his watch was gone, but a portion of the silk guard was about his neck.

Murder!

The Durham police took up the case, with Superintendent Jabez Squires in charge. Mr. Stirling offered £500 for evidence that would lead to the conviction of the murderer.

Old Farmer Stobart came forward and declared that just before he met Dr. Stirling he had seen, at a bend in the lane, two men standing under the hedge. One of them carried a gun, and they were such a queer pair that he was apprehensive and hurried past them. He carried a big sum of money.

THE BRASS BUTTON.

He described the pair—one wearing a dirty pair of fustian trousers, a velvet jacket and a black hat; the other, a much shorter man, wore a rough, hairy cap and walked with a limp.

Then the police found a brass button with a copper shank. They searched through scores of shops as far afield as Newcastle to match that button. There were many similar buttons, but they all had brass shanks; not one was found with a copper shank.

But Superintendent Squires was a plodder. He arrested a man who answered one of the descriptions—Richard Rayne, of Winton, a blacksmith, who had previously been convicted of poaching.

Farmer Stobart identified Rayne as one of the two he had seen.

About three weeks later the police heard of another man who had asked a pitman's wife to wash a shirt for him; and the shirt had been saturated with blood. The man had given as a reason for the blood that he had been skinning a hare.

HIS NAME WAS CAIN.

The Superintendent knew him: he was John Cain—the bearer of a remarkable name—and had given the police trouble by running a secret still where he made and sold liquor.

The Superintendent found this still at last in Sherburn Green Wood, all ready with stuff fermenting in a pot. He arrested Cain in his house at Newcastle for illicit distillation, and then charged him with murder.

In the house he came across a waistcoat which had one button missing, the lowest. The other three were brass buttons with copper shanks, identical with the one in the possession of the police.

Part of the waistcoat bore bloodstains. The Superintendent cut this part off and had it sent to an analyst.

Farmer Stobart identified Cain as the other man he had seen.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL LINKS.

More inquiries revealed that for washing his shirt Cain had given the woman a pair of kid gloves. These gloves were of the kind that Dr. Stirling wore.

Rayne, it was discovered, had tried to pawn a watch in Durham which answered the description of Dr. Stirling's watch—a silver face with gold figures.

Witnesses, including a time-keeper at Twizell Colliery and a coachman, swore they saw Cain and Rayne at points near the scene of the murder on the day in question.

The case of lancets was traced to a Durham surgeon, who had bought it, without asking its origin, from a woman who was a friend of Cain.

It took time to work out all these links, and the trial of the accused men was postponed from the Winter Assizes at Durham to the Spring Assizes, and again to the Summer Assizes, nearly nine months after the crime.

On the 25th July Cain and Rayne appeared before Mr. Justice Willes. The police believed they had a water-tight case. But immediately the prosecution opened snags appeared.

Three important witnesses for the prosecution did not turn up. The judge ordered their recognisances to be estreated, but the police sent messengers, out, and the three were found (not at their addresses) and brought to court. They came reluctantly.

From that moment it seemed as if some mystery lay like a cloud upon the scene. The trial occupied three days, and the sense of baffling puzzlement deepened each day. Witness after witness was shaken by the defence measures.

Counsel for Rayne declared that the case against that individual bore "an air of romance." Farmer Stobart hedged somewhat and said that he only "believed" the prisoners to be the men he had seen; that was as far as he would go.

DEFENCE ATTACK.

The brass button was announced to be "a button that might have been worn by hundreds of people."

It was hinted that more than one witness for the prosecution had come forward because of the £500 reward.

The police were criticised for their method of identifying the prisoners. The doctor who analysed the bloodstains on Cain's waistcoat could not swear they were human bloodstains.

The woman who had washed Cain's shirt was a woman of soiled morality who had had several illegitimate children and had been in trouble with the police.

Conjectures were put forward by the defence that Dr. Stirling may have been accidentally shot, and that his throat may have been cut by coming in contact with the broken end of a railing, and not with a knife.

It was a hot afternoon when the judge summed up, and when his voice ceased, the jury, bewildered by all the conflicting suggestions, theories, arguments, legal suppositions, retired, and took three hours to find their verdict.

That verdict was Not Guilty. It became known later that eleven jurymen were in favour of Guilty, but the twelfth opposed that view.

It was also known that Cain had plenty of friends among illicit whisky retailers, who voiced the opinion that the police had "got him" mainly because of his illicit still.

But that vague, indefinable "something" that hung over the proceedings saved Cain and Rayne from the gallows.

It did more. It shelved the murder of Dr. Stirling as an unsolved crime.

GIVE YOUR VERDICT.

I have waded through the documents of this strange murder trial, and I have been struck by several aspects of it. It took place nine months after the crime, and the prosecution was badly presented. It gave the defence a chance to break it up, theoretically if not circumstantially.

To be frank, the machinery of the law failed to function with credit. But, even then, what would you have voted if you had been that twelfth man on the jury?

"GOOD MORNING" is always pleased to get your home news and photographs

THE CHIEF MOURNER OF MARNE PART 4

"A SCREAM WENT WAILING"

From "The Secret of Father Brown" By Permission
of the Executrix of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton

"MY wife has never relaxed her efforts to see James Mair," said the General. "She refuses to admit that a duel—even ending with his opponent's death—ought to cut a man off for ever; and I confess I am inclined to agree with her. Eighty years before it would have been thought quite normal; and, really, it was manslaughter rather than murder."

"I see," said Father Brown. "My wife," continued the General, "is a great friend of the unfortunate lady who was the occasion of the unfortunate quarrel; and she has an idea that if Jim would consent to see Viola Grayson once again, and receive her assurance that old quarrels are buried, it might restore his sanity. My wife is calling a sort of council of friends to-morrow, I believe. She is very energetic."

Father Brown looked rather absent-minded. He had the sort of mind that sees things in pictures; and the picture which had coloured even the prosaic mind of the practical soldier took on tints yet more significant and sinister in the more mystical mind of the priest.

He saw the dark red desolation of sand and the dead man lying in a heap, and the slayer, stooping as he ran. And always his imagination came back to the third thing that he could not yet fit into any human picture; the second of the slain man standing motionless and mysterious, like a dark statue on the edge of the sea. It might seem to some a detail; but for him it was that stiff figure that stood up like a standing note of interrogation.

Why had not Romaine moved instantly? It was the natural thing to do, in common humanity, let alone friendship. Even if there were some double-dealing or darker motive, when the whole thing was over it would be natural for the second to stir long before the other second had vanished beyond the sandhills.

"Does this man Romaine move very slowly?" he asked the General.

"It's queer that you should ask that," answered Outram, with a sharp glance. "No, as a matter of fact he moves very fast when he does move. But, curiously enough, I was just thinking that only this afternoon, I saw him stand exactly like that during the thunder-storm. He stood in that cape of his, with one hand on his hip, exactly and in every line as he stood on those sands long ago. The lightning blinded us all, but he did not blink. When it was dark again he was standing there, still, and without movement."

"I suppose he isn't stand-

ing there now?" inquired Father Brown. "I mean, I suppose he moved some time?"

"No, he moved quite sharply when the thunder came," replied the other. "In fact, he seemed to be waiting for it, for he told us the exact time of the interval between the lightning and the thunder... is anything the matter?"

"Nothing," said Father Brown, but his eyes had snapped and his mouth shut abruptly.

"Are you ill?" asked the General, staring at him.

"No," answered the priest. "I'm only not quite as stoical as your friend Romaine; I can't help blinking when I see light."

He turned to gather up his hat and umbrella; but when he had got to the door he turned back as though he had remembered something. Coming up close to Outram, the priest made a motion as if to hold him by the waistcoat.

"General," he almost whispered, "for God's sake don't let your wife and that other woman insist on seeing Marne together. Let sleeping dogs lie, or you'll unleash all the hounds of hell."

The General was left alone with a look of bewilderment in his eyes.

Even greater, however, was the bewilderment which attended the successive stages of the benevolent conspiracy of the General's wife, who had assembled her little group of sympathisers to storm the castle of the misanthrope.

The first surprise she en-

countered was the unexpected absence of one of the actors in the ancient tragedy. When they assembled by agreement at a quiet hotel quite near the castle, there was no sign of Hugo Romaine, until a belated telegram from a lawyer told them that the great actor had suddenly left the country.

The second surprise, when they began the bombardment by sending up word to the castle with an urgent request for an interview, was the figure which came forth from those gloomy gates to receive the deputation in the name of the noble owner.

It was no such figure as they would have considered suitable to those sombre avenues or those almost feudal formalities.

It was not some stately steward or major-domo, nor even a dignified butler or tall and ornamental footman. The only figure that came out of the cavernous castle doorway was the short and shabby figure of Father Brown.

"Look here," he said, in his simple, bothered fashion, "I told you you'd much better leave him alone. He knows what he's doing, and it'll only make everybody unhappy."

Lady Outram, who was accompanied by a tall and quietly dressed lady, still very handsome, presumably the original Miss Grayson, looked at the priest with cold contempt.

"Really, sir," she said, "this is a very private occasion, and I don't understand what you have to do with it."

"Trust a priest to have to do with a private occasion,"

sneered Sir John Cockspur. "Don't you know they live behind the scenes like rats behind a wainscot burrowing their way up into everybody's private rooms. See how he's already in possession of Marne."

Sir John was slightly sulky, as his aristocratic friends had persuaded him to give up the great scoop of publicity in return for the privilege of being really inside a society secret.

"Oh, that's all right," said Father Brown, with the impatience of anxiety. "I've talked it over with the marquis and the only priest he's ever had anything to do with. I tell you, he knows what he's about; and I do implore you all to leave him alone."

"You mean to leave him to this living death!" cried Lady Outram. "Is that what you call Christian charity?"

"Yes," said the priest stolidly, "that is what I call Christian charity."

"Surely the true Christianity," she pleaded more gently, "is that which knows all and pardons all; the love that can remember—and forget."

"Father Brown," said Young Mallow, "a shot in a duel, followed instantly by remorse, is not such an awful offence."

"I admit," said Father Brown dully, "that I take a more serious view of his offence."

"God soften your hard heart," said the strange lady, speaking for the first time. "I am going to speak to my old friend."

Almost as if her voice had raised a ghost in that great grey house, something stirred within and a figure stood in the dark doorway at the top of the great stone flight of steps.

It was clad in dead black, and there was something wild about the blanched hair and something in the pale features that was like the wreck of a marble statue.

Viola Grayson began calmly to move up the steps; and Outram muttered in his thick black moustache, "He won't cut her dead as he did my wife, I fancy."

Father Brown, who seemed in a collapse of resignation, looked up at him for a moment.

"Poor Marne has enough on his conscience," he said. "Let us acquit him of what we can. At least, he never cut your wife."

"What do you mean by that?"

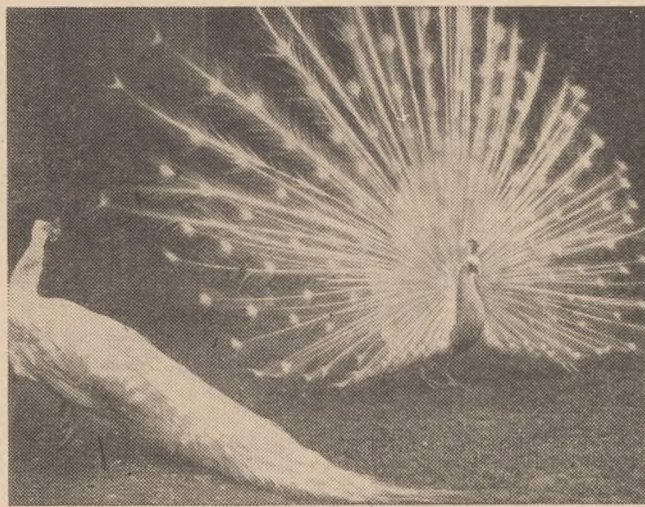
"He never knew her," said Father Brown.

As they spoke the tall lady proudly mounted the last step and came face to face with the Marquis of Marne. His lips moved, but something happened before he could speak.

A scream rang across the open space and went wailing in echoes along those hollow walls.

(Continued to-morrow)

TODAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Peacocks are very aristocratic. They simply could not be called by an ordinary "group" name. It is really—a Sedge, Muster, Covey, Building, or a Fall? Which do you think? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 183: A Brood.

JANE



QUIZ

For today

1. A roudale is a woman's headdress, a country dance, a musical term, a card game, a puzzle.
2. Who wrote (a) The Man of Property, (b) The Man Who Would be King?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Arquebus, Rifle, Claymore, Derringer, Brown Bess, Bren gun.
4. For what names do G. K. Chesterton's initials stand?
5. Who said, "Fallen on evil days"?
6. What is the highest mountain in Scotland?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Parasol, Pellice, Heronry, Coltsfoot, Ambassador, Protocol.
8. What is the longest canal in the world?
9. Who was Catriona?
10. Correct, "Twins, brillig, and the slimy toves." Who wrote it?
11. The Indian Mutiny occurred in 1837, 1847, 1857, 1867, 1877?
12. Complete the common phrases: (a) Love, — and —, (b) Brown, — and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 183

1. Floor-sweepings.
2. (a) Winston Churchill, (b) George Meredith.
3. Marrows grow above ground; the others don't.
4. Scraps of food left on a plate after a meal.
5. Richard Law, M.P.
6. Small island.
7. Talc, Quotient.
8. Four.
9. Character in Dickens's "Pickwick Papers."
10. "It droppeth as the gentle rain," Portia, in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."
11. July 15.
12. (a) Isolde, (b) Onions.

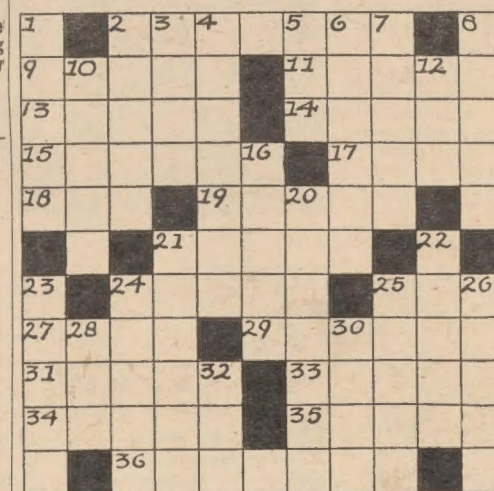
NUMERICAL PUZZLE

FRED and Charlie set out together for the same destination. Fred kept a steady walking-pace the whole way, but Charlie walked the first mile at Fred's speed, then ran the next two miles at double the pace. By this "walk 1, run 2" method he reached their objective, with Fred 5½ miles behind.

How many miles—an exact number—had Charlie gone? (Answer on Page 3)

What a strange thing is man! And what a stranger is woman! Byron.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

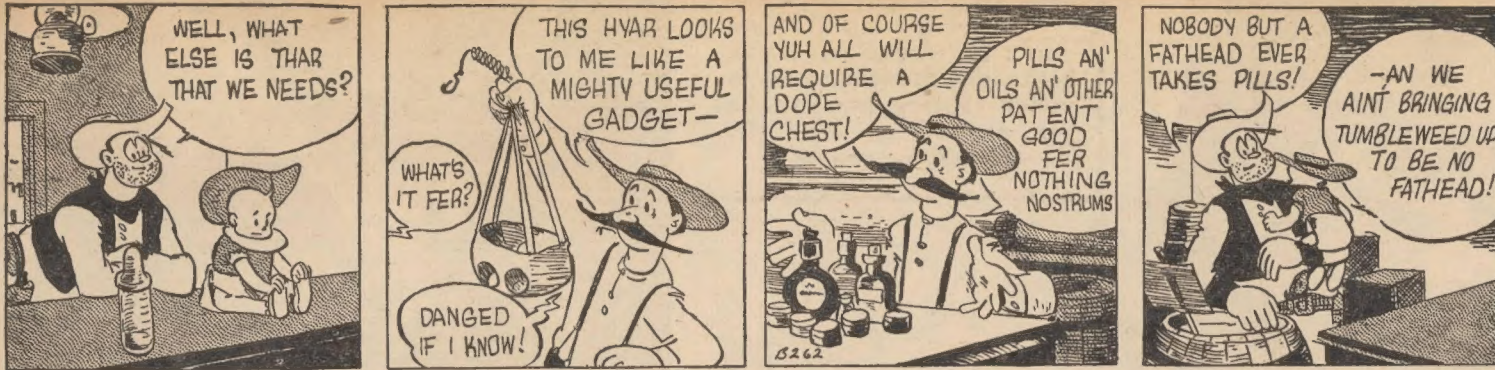
- 2 Ate hurriedly.
- 9 Nonsense.
- 11 Plea of being elsewhere.
- 13 Swain.
- 14 Less.
- 15 Representatives.
- 17 Yield.
- 18 Luminary.
- 19 Damp.
- 21 Assault.
- 24 Coin-like disc.
- 25 Aristocrat.
- 27 Poem.
- 29 Innate.
- 31 Common place.
- 33 Well-known.
- 34 Fragrance.
- 35 Flowering shrub.
- 36 Filled.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 School book.
- 2 Administered.
- 3 Outspread.
- 4 Anchored at wharf.
- 5 Thrash.
- 6 Draw out.
- 7 Had a meal.
- 8 Screw.
- 10 Knave.
- 12 Graft.
- 16 Girl's name.
- 20 Medley.
- 21 Sulted.
- 22 Small bays.
- 23 Exclude.
- 24 Lesser.
- 25 Salt-petre.
- 26 Cover with drops.
- 28 Equal footing.
- 30 Trumpet sound.
- 32 Drink.

BATCH BRAD
MARIA NOISY
ACCENT ACHE
BOAR RASHER
END SALT N
L ECLIPSE S
V OILS VAT
VOLUME FORE
AGOG ROLLER
MURAL DIVAN
PEER METES

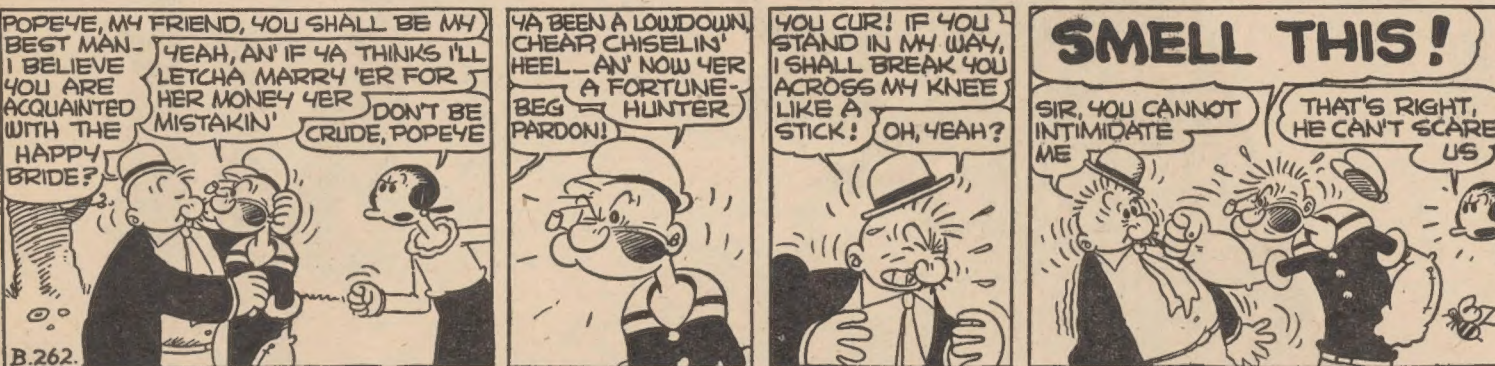
BEELZEBUB JONES



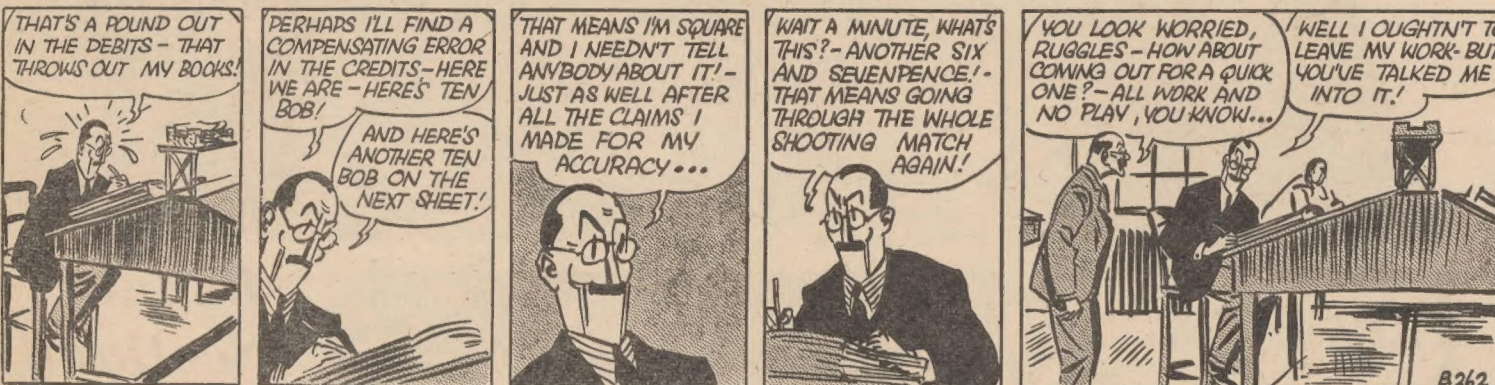
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Be your own Brains Trust

By J. S. NEWCOMBE

- Can you answer "Yes" or "No"?
1. Are trains speedier to-day than forty years ago?
 2. Did an Englishman invent the single-rail train?
 3. Could trains travel at 100 m.p.h. prior to 1900?
 4. Can trains run by air-screws?
 5. Was it ever proposed to run trains in London streets?

If it is true that the steam train made the bulk of the public travel, it may be said of the electric train that it made people travel much farther and more frequently.

Those who use trains are generally anxious to spend as short a time as possible in reaching their destination. Time differences which would have appeared trifling to our grandparents are of vital concern to-day.

Yet it is a fact that the speed of trains has not, on the average, increased in the past forty years. Trains are more dependable, more comfortable, probably safer than ever before—but speedier, no—so it's "No" to Question 1.

The Great Western Company in its early days ran trains from Paddington to Slough in 15½ minutes, that is, at an average pace of 69½ miles an hour.

To run a steam train at 90 miles per hour would be wasteful of coal and injurious to rolling stock; also, in all but a few districts, it would be perilous to passengers.

A RUNNING TACKLE.

At the beginning of the century, engineers tackled two problems: how to make railways economical and profit-showing, and how to get faster trains.

The monorail—a train running on, or rather under, a single rail—seemed to answer both problems.

To travellers familiar only with the double-track railway, the monorail looked a queer contraption. Its single rail was carried on A-shaped trestles, the legs of which were firmly bolted to sleepers.

The car was divided lengthwise by a gap that allowed it to hang half on either side of the trestle. Double-flanged wheels to carry and drive the car were placed at the apex of the gap.

Since the centre of gravity was below the rail, the car couldn't turn over, even while going round a sharp curve.

A TRACTIVE CAMEL.

A Frenchman, Charles Lartigue, first tried out this system in Algeria (which answers Question 2), where ordinary two-rail tracks are often blocked by severe sand-storms. He got the idea from the camel, laden on each flank with baggage.

To the engineer, the camel's legs became iron trestles, while its burden became a car. For many years a monorail line, with mules for tractive power, carried the esparto-grass trade in Algeria.

To prove that the system was practical and more cheaply run than the double-rail type, a Mr. Behr in 1886 set up a miniature monorail line in Tothill Fields, Westminster, on the site of the present Roman Catholic Cathedral. The train ran by steam.

The monorail in Kerry was not dismantled till 1925.

But now the second problem of speed needed to be solved. Behr knew that electricity alone could do this.

Financiers looked shyly at Behr's "lightning express service to carry passengers at 120 m.p.h." But he had enough faith in the scheme to put down £40,000 of his own money on an experimental track at the Brussels Exhibition of 1897.

Fitted with Westinghouse air-brakes, the train, when travelling at 110 m.p.h.—this answers Question 3—could be brought to a standstill in 37 seconds, or 995 yards.

EACH CELL A RATE.

Out of the monorail came the railplane. This was streamlined and propelled by air-screws fore and aft—this solves Question 4. The railplane could accelerate by electric motors from zero to 50 m.p.h. in the space of a few yards. It worked at speeds up to 120 m.p.h.

At Moscow, a train running in a shallow trough instead of on rails, reached a speed of 190 miles an hour.

In recent years, Mr. R. W. Shrewsbury, inventor of the Pannier monorail, wanted to build a track along the main streets of London, with trains running at 40 m.p.h. at the level of the second-floor windows (it's "Yes" to Question 5). It was to be constructed on standards erected along the centre of the street or on existing electric light standards, suitably strengthened.

These high-speed electric trains, once the marvel of the engineering world, are now dead as the stage-coach. It seems that for trains the happy medium in speed is the best.

Solution to Numerical Puzzle on Page 2.

17 miles. Charlie took 2 time-units for first 3 miles, i.e., 10 units for first 15 miles. He walked the 16th and ran the 17th mile, making 11½ time-units. Fred would have walked 11½ miles, a difference of 5½.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

HIP-HIP HURRAH

Ida Lupino, Warner Bros. star, shows the snootiest pair of hips ever.



Well, if this guy isn't the "Cock of the North" we don't know who is. Took him eight months to learn roller skating but can he get around to his girl friends, or can he?



"Well, that's that. My heavy day is over. Now I'll go play with my own doll like all the other girls of ten."



Bonnie Scotland

Where the River Dee swirls by the foot of the Grampians. There's salmon and trout a plenty waiting for the return of you fishermen.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"What's on their minds?"

